

Stroller's Column.

It has several times recently been remarked in the presence of the Stroller that it is two or three months since one of the pretty telephone girls had been marched to the altar with the halter around one of our leading business men. One lady wondered what could be the cause of it. To satisfy this natural feminine curiosity the Stroller took down the telephone and softly said: "Give me central, please."

"The line's busy now," was the coming response.

"There could be nothing gained by talking with mere employees upon so grave a subject, so a trip was made to the office of the telephone company and the enquiry was put to the new manager, Mr. Fuller.

He ushered the visitor into his private office and closed the door. This made it impressive. He handed his visitor a cigar. This made it confidential.

"That is a part of the business with which I have not yet been able to familiarize myself. We shall have to ask Captain Olson: I will call him."

Immediately the gallant captain stood at the portal, and saluted. When the question was put to him he blushed, then timidly smiled; then opened the door, peeked out and softly closed it.

"It is a very mysterious thing, isn't it?" he asked, thus answering one question, Scotchman like, with another. I cannot account for it. In order to investigate the matter intelligently let us go back into history. When Mr. Fuller first organized the telephone company we needed patrons. It was necessary to make the business attractive. So I made it my duty to go to Seattle and secure the best telephone girls to be had."

"The best looking?"

"Best in every way, and most of our customers would prefer talking to a pretty girl to a one not so pretty, of course. That, of course, helped the business. They all had sweet soft voices, and the influences of these voices influenced the receipts."

"You have never thought of the influence of a voice, have you? I mean now in a sentimental way. Of course you have. People have made love and become engaged without ever seeing each other. The voice of love can never be mistaken. Why there was one case—we will call it \$20 then."

The Stroller was amazed at the sudden illogical remark with which Captain Olson concluded. Then he felt a presence, and knew that one of the voices had materialized and was standing behind his chair. When she had left the room again Captain Olson continued the story.

"As I was saying, these girls got married and we had to import others, and to keep up the supply. That was when we started. Now we have more business than we can handle. Besides which, the young lawyers and merchants have taken to importing their own brides. And, this is more important still, there is an election on. I hope I shall be in Scotland by the time it comes off."

"What has that to do with it?"

"Why Mr. Fuller does not know but that at any moment some of the unions may send a walking delegate to say that outside hello girls shall not be employed. So when I go out there will be a change of policy. No more pretty girls will be imported. When this is known there will undoubtedly be a rush to secure the few on hand."

Vision of A Great Man, arms folded, deep scowl on forehead, meditating, like Napoleon after Waterloo, upon the rushing waters at his feet roaring through Miles canyon: Oh, for a plant! What hell it is! Only to think One's vaulting hopes and swampy dreams Come all to naught For lack of such a trade. Alas! alack!

Little dirty dies That wretched printer's devils Eke out a blasted life with. And editors— Ah, there's the rub! What evil can one work By leading fools in leash Without a plant. Ho for a plant— To smite the pillows And e'en the bolsters Of th' bed of infamy on which I once reposed, And still repine With all my soul. Oh! what a plant was there. My brethren!

Ten Dollars per. On many a raft I've travelled far And off gone under, but One stick of Wood Worth all the rest Has wriggled past me and My plant is gone. As well be a malamute And bay the moon As utter mouthings of abuse That no one prints. I burn with hate And scorn. I must give type To all my spleen, or bust. I am bust.

Captain Hubrick, of the current ferry, has been wearing a shade over his right eye and is afraid he is going to lose the sight of it. The member was injured by the blowing out of the breach of a shot gun he was using, and as it is his right eye all sportsmen will feel a sympathy with his mental suffering. For some time the captain had the opinion that a grain of the powder still remained in his eye, and at length he induced Dr. Roberts, the oculist, to take the eye out. When this was done there was found at the back of the optic a long hair coiled up like a watch spring. Since this foreign substance was removed the inflammation has lessened, but the captain still sadly doubts if he will ever be able to shoot in a match again, and he was one of the most expert wing shots in the territory.

Freddy Breen was telling a new story the other night, of his friend St. Peter at the gate. It was an old sourdough who was being shown around the heavenly domain by the kindly gate keeper, when they came to a wide dark shaft and the sourdough enquired whose claim that was and whether he was down to bedrock.

"That," said St. Peter, "belongs to His Satanic Majesty."

"Ah, and what royalty will he be charging?"

"You will see presently," was the reply.

Presently there came along a lot of English capitalists and experts and clerks who had been mining on First avenue, and to the surprise of the sourdough they were dumped in the shaft.

"What do you see?" asked St. Peter.

"A big blaze; they are all burning up."

Then came a load of Americans from Eldorado who were du ped into the pit, and the same question was asked.

"Gone in a jiffy," was the sad response.

Next came a whole load of French from Dominion. Same thing.

This was followed by a tremendous coach crammed full of Swedes from Hunker.

"What do you see?" asked St. Peter.

"Nothing but smoke, by gosh. They were too green to burn; and have put the fire out."

A good story of Captain Hulme, who has just returned from the Old Country, is going the rounds, and it is said to have been first told by Fred Wade during his recent visit. Captain Hulme was in London during the coronation and there was a colonial dinner to which he adroitly desired an invitation as a distinguished representative of the Klondike.

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dike. He applied to Mr. Colmer, the secretary of the high commissioner of Canada, and was told that another invitation could not possibly be issued. He had peremptory orders to that effect.

The captain persisted in his application and got other Canadians in London to help him. The secretary said that at that stage even a prime minister could not be granted an invitation.

But the pressure became too strong on the secretary, and he called upon a Canadian who chanced to be a friend of his. "Who is this man Hulme?" he asked, pronouncing it in the English fashion as if spelt "Hume," with no hell in it.

"Hulme?" Why don't you know? He is the chief of the whole military forces of the Yukon Territory. Why he sent half of his forces to the South African war and had them killed off, and was personally complimented by Little Boats. He has put down half a dozen Indian uprisings, and in one of the northwest territories has cleaned out the Indians altogether—killed them all off."

"Then he must be somebody," so liquored the secretary.

Early the next morning the captain received his invitation. His speech at this famous dinner was not reported in the London Times, and hence any mention of the representative of the military forces of the Yukon having been present has escaped newspaper notice until this moment.

Louis Spitz is too suggestive a name for a restaurant keeper, yet the man who has had to bear the burden of it from his curly-headed youth to his present robust manhood seems to prosper in the little restaurant he has been running for some time on Queen street next to Kelly's drug store. The fact is that Louis is a very popular young man. He is liked for his genial manners, which make a friend of everybody.

He was much surprised, therefore, on Wednesday evening to see some of his customers rush out as soon as he entered. Louis is thinking of going on a stampede which is arranged for the first snow, and he burst into the restaurant with a winning smile and the cheerful greeting: "I have bought another dog."

That was how it happened.

The Stroller is asked for information as to the whereabouts of a certain Dr. Catto, who was last heard of at a so-called political convention held, it is believed, in this city. His friends in Scotland who are regular subscribers to the Nugget are assured that he is alive and well, and

that he has the honor of being a candidate for parliament. He is conducting a quiet and inexpensive campaign, and when he reluctantly lets go of a buttonhole sits down to the writing of his memoirs, which are now in the hands of the publisher and will be issued within the next few days. This brochure will be a philosophic exposition of the platform of the opposition party, of which the erudite doctor is the author, and a brilliantly illumined history of the opposition candidate, faithfully sketching his career from the Ten Tollar Door to his sad shipwreck on the shoals of Whitehorse. This publication promises to be one of the most amusing features of the campaign, and can be recommended as a cure for insomnia and hoodlumism.

The civil service boys are the first to organize as a hockey club, in connection with the Yukon Hockey League which was organized last Saturday. The boys met in the administration building last night and after a discussion of plans for the season elected the following permanent officers: Honorary president, the Commissioner; president, T. D. Pattullo; first vice-president, T. H. Hinton; second vice-president and manager, J. C. McLagan; third vice-president, V. G. Grant; secretary, C. V. Shannon; treasurer, W. R. Hamilton; executive committee, F. Hartman, G. T. MacLean, H. Povah C. W. McPherson, A. R. Boyes; captain, L. G. Bennett; delegates to league, T. D. Pattullo, Captain Bennett.

The three other clubs to form the league, the Mounted Police and Dawson Rifles, the City club and the A.A.A. club, will hold meetings and organize within the next few days. A meeting of the latter is called for this evening in the new athletic building.

Preparations for starting the ice on the Athletic club rink were begun this morning, and it is likely that this will be the only rink that will be constructed this season, as it is sufficiently commodious for the whole of the clubs. The athletic association, as soon as the league is completed, will arrange a programme so that there will be a hockey game once a week throughout the winter.

Liberty Bell

A ring made from a fragment of the Liberty Bell is owned by William B. Fry of Drifton, Pa. This priceless relic, says the Philadelphia Record, is made from a piece of metal that was cut away along the zigzag crack of the Liberty Bell, with the idea that it would restore the tone of the bell. It is said that Joseph Bickley, a cousin of Mrs. Aurelia S. Fry, the mother of William B. Fry, was in charge of the bell at the time the attempt was made to restore its tone. He took the clippings and had this ring constructed out of them. In the year 1850, while Mrs. Fry was on a visit to the family of Mr. Bickley in Philadelphia the latter presented her with the ring, and naturally she guarded it with jealous care until on Christmas of 1893, when she presented it to her son, William P. Fry.

The ring also has a historic resting place. It reposes in a box made from a piece of timber taken from one of the beams that supported the floor of the old Zion's Reformed church, Allentown, when that edifice was razed to the ground in 1838. As well known, it was in this church that the bell was concealed in 1777, to protect it from the hands of the British troops, who would have considered it a feather in their caps of extraordinary size and brilliancy had they succeeded in effecting its capture.

The late Mrs. Martin Weiser secured a block of wood from one of the beams. After her death it passed into the family of her son, the late Nelson Weiser, where it remained intact until the visit of the Liberty Bell, last November, when a piece was taken off, incased in a neat

box and presented to Mayor Stuart of Philadelphia, for the collection of relics in Independence hall, where it is now on exhibition.

"Nora," said her mistress, "I want a chicken, smothered in onions for this evening."

"If ye want it killed in as cruel a way as that, mum," replied the indignant kitchen maid, "ye'll hev to do it yerself."

Teacher—Now, then, Tommy, can you tell me the distance between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia?

Tommy—Oh, Pittsburgh's at the top an' de Phillis is near de bottom. Pittsburgh's got de pennant 'inched

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Chinese Statesman Dies.

Special to the Daily Nugget.

Tacoma, Oct. 10. — Advice from Pekin are to the effect that Tao Mu, viceroy of the provinces of Kwang Tung and Kwang Si, is dead. Tao Mu had been forced to resign and retire to private life by a bitter and determined attack made upon him by Eunuchs in the palace at Pekin whose hatred he had incurred.

Turkish Troops Advance

Special to the Daily Nugget.

Constantinople, Oct. 10.—In connection with increased military measures taken by the Turkish government in view of the revolutionary movement in Macedonia, three battalions of Turkish troops have been dispatched to the front.

Sage Improves.

Special to the Daily Nugget.

New York, Oct. 10.—Russell Sage rested well last night and is in excellent spirits this morning.

Just received, a large shipment of Gooderham & Worts 7-year-old rye whiskey. Geo. Butler, Pioneer saloon.

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